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QUEST

AN EPIQUE POEM

THE DUTCHMAN - ON THE

THE DUTCHMAN - ON THE

PUBLISHED BY T. J. L.

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ALBANY, N. Y. 1834

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Published by the Philolexian Society of Columbia College.

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"ARISE!"

AN ORIGINAL POEM:

DELIVERED AT THE

Sixtieth Annibersary

OF THE

PHILOLEXIAN SOCIETY,

AT

Irving Hall, December 19th, 1862.

BY

SAMUEL WALDEN COOKE,

Vice President of the Society.

N
New York:

MERWIN DAVIS, PRINTER, No. 137 WILLIAM STREET.

1863.



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CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 12, 1863.

MR. SAMUEL W. COOKE,

DEAR SIR,

At a Meeting of the Philolexian Society, it was resolved—that a copy of your interesting Poem, delivered at the late anniversary, on the evening of December 19th, 1862, be requested for publication.

Knowing this to be the general desire of those who were present, the Committee hope that you will see fit to comply with the request.

Yours respectfully,

RODERICK B. SEYMOUR,
SEYMOUR VAN NOSTRAND,
ABM. VAN SANTVOORD.

60 WEST ELEVENTH STREET,
Feb. 13, 1863.

GENTLEMEN,

Your kind note of the 12th instant, requesting, in the name of the Philolexian Society, a copy of my Poem, delivered at the late anniversary, for publication, has just been received.

Although I am somewhat reluctant to confide to print a production hastily composed, in the odd minutes of weeks of study, I yet feel assured that, in complying with your request, I am submitting it to the judgment of those whose criticism will be tempered by kindness.

I remain, very truly yours,

SAMUEL W. COOKE.

To RODERICK B. SEYMOUR,
SEYMOUR VAN NOSTRAND, } Committee.
ABM. VAN SANTVOORD.

“ARISE!”

A Philolexian Poem.

In Philolexia's name, I come to-day
To offer at her shrine my humble lay;
To speak a word of greeting to her friends,
'Neath the fair influence their beauty lends.
What shall I tell you now? of college joys?
Of college frolics, and of college boys?
Or, passing these, discourse of those fine arts
Which fill our heads, but do not touch our hearts?
Or still, again, with patriotic zeal,
Give vent to that love which we all must feel
For our dear Country, as she proudly stands
First among nations, foremost among lands,
And, in my humble verses, now recite
The story of her battles for the right?
Each one of these presents a noble theme
For loftiest prose, or poet's sweetest dream,
Although, methinks, that *all*, for want of skill,
In my poor hands, at least, would fare but ill.
Still, choose I must, so, passing all the rest,
I'll take the one that seems to me the best.

THAT motto heard in Philolexia's Hall,
Sounding in every ear its clarion call ;
Not only there, but everywhere in life,
Where there is waged for truth the deadly strife,
Its voice is heard above the battle's din,
Saying,—“Strike boldly and you'll surely win.”
It tells each one of us, as on we climb,
Pressing still higher up th' ascent of time,
Passing each day new landmarks on the road
That leads us upward, to our last abode ;
That, if we wish when life's great battle's done,
To stand as conquerors on a field that's won,
Each day must find us in the foremost van,
A foe to evil, and a friend to man.

WHEN, little more than a twelvemonth ago,
We heard, like distant thunder deep and low,
The voice of war throughout our Southern land,
Calling to action many a warrior band ;
And when the guns of Sumter echoing loud,
Thundered their message from the battle-cloud,
Awakening patriots from their midnight dreams,
That Fate will still continue what it seems ;
Then, sounding loud above the din of War,
Above the trumpet and the cannon's roar,
This cry rang through the North, and rent the skies,
One call, one motto, but one word,—ARISE !

BUT I remember that the student, too,
Demands a word from me, as well as you,
And I'd almost forgot, as I'm alive,
My glorious class—“the class of sixty-five.” *

* (1865) In Columbia, Classes are named from the year they graduate.

A noble band they are, while, at their head,
Is one concerning whom much might be said—
'Tho' short in limb, (and, I might add, no talker,)
He ^{*Secret*} ~~has~~ proved himself a first-rate *Walker*. *
And then, again, we number in our ranks
Full many a youth too fond of college pranks,
And of the ladies, too, who each fair day
Happen to meet him on his weary way,
And, as I see them bow, and smirk, and chat,
I long to whisper—"time enough for that."
I cannot tell you now each class-mate's name,
A grateful task, that must be left—to Fame:
But, as their forms flit by me man by man,
I mark our orator, our *Berrian*, †
Our keen-eyed *Beekman*, ‡ and our *great* man "*Mack*," ||
And when the *Campbells* § come, we'll clear the track.
Who can divide the bright rays of the sun?
But, still, one word I'll add since I've begun,
That if ill humor you have long endured,
Go to *C.* (sec) *Beadel*, ¶ and you'll soon be cured.

I TRUST I've caused no blushes, no confusion,
By, here and there, a personal allusion;
But, I'm their "*Cooke*," as such it seemed worth while
To "serve them up" in what is called "best style."
I've tried to make, as true as I'm a sinner,
Of these young animals a first-rate dinner.

* WM. B. WALKER, Head of the Class. † A. T. BERRIAN. ‡ H. R. BEEKMAN.

|| WM. N. MACVICKAR, the tallest man in College.

§ T. C. CAMPBELL and A. M. CAMPBELL.

¶ Two brothers are in the Class, Messrs. H. & C. BEADEL, called by the Professors, *H. BEADEL* & *C. BEADEL*, the latter particularly, remarkable for his "jollity."

No *geese* are to be found, and *lambs* are *rare*,
 Of *tongue* we have enough, and some to spare ;
 Into hot water I have plunged not one,
 And, what's still better, I've made *game* of none.
 I'll tell you why, for this some praise I claim,
 I have a *Fowler*, * of unerring aim.
 Rare birds winged Southward, disappeared from sight, †
 While I did nothing that could check their flight,
 And daily, hourly, all around me here,
 The fact is manifest, are many *dear* (deer).
 And their desserts to all I'd give with zest,
 Were I but sure they'd easily digest ;
 But you would rather go half starved and hollow,
 Than to get something that you "could not swallow."
 One thing I'll not procure—I will not try,
 If *out of spirits*, get your own supply,
 And, as not one has e'er received a *dressing*,
 On each, and all I fain would ask a *blessing*.
 The feast once over, then—my time I'll bide,
 'Till, like an omnibus, "all full inside,"
 I'll speak the word, "Arise," (that means who can,)
 And let the world behold an *upright* man.

ONCE more our subject leads to scenes in life,
 Other than college sports and college strife.
 Truth is severe, and now it bids me show
 "Vaulting ambition" rules both high and low.
 The man of business as he daily toils
 To win his share of the life-battle's spoils,
 Has his ambition, for he toils with pain,
 To force from every day its meed of gain.

* J. O. FOWLER of the Class of '65.

† Several students, in June last, relinquished their studies to join the three months Volunteers.

Or, the same feeling takes a nobler form,
And bids him shield the pauper from the storm,
To lend each brother man a helping hand
Along this highway, to an heavenly land,
Giving to those now buried deep in crime,
Hope for eternity, as well as time ;
He sees, beneath this clay, a jewel bright,
Which shines refulgent in the darkest night ;
And, 'though it oft' may be obscured by sin,
By rubbish covered, still, the gem's *within*.

BUT ere we finish speaking of ambition,
We'll not forget our friend, the Politician.
A wondrous perfect mortal have we here !
He knows no guile, and, as to craven fear,—
Just hear him talk, and tell me, if you can,
Where may we find a braver, bolder man ?
'Tis true, he's not yet joined that noble band
Who've left their all to battle for their land ;
Duty, he says, on *others* calls to roam,
To *him*, however, it says,—“stay at home.”
And then, again, he thinks it might be best,
(To put all doubts about himself at rest,)
If, not to clear, yet to improve, his fame,
He might write “*honorable*,” 'fore his name.
Ah ! if that H-o-n. but *honest* meant,
His time and efforts would not be misspent ;
He'd listen to the voice, that often cries,
And daily, hourly, calls to him—“Arise !”
Then, pressing upward with the foremost van,
The *Politician* lost, we'd find the *Man*.

LAST, the Astronomer,—who, night by night,
 Explores the heavens, in his search for light,
 And, in each star another letter finds
 Of God's own alphabet, for human minds—
 Reads on the open volume of the skies
 One word emblazoned, and that word,—ARISE.

AND now, one word for our Societies,
 Of which, in college, we have two varieties *
 A brilliant *Star*, is emblem of the one,
 While we, most modestly, have chose the *Sun*.
 Why cannot each in its own orbit move
 In all the gentle harmony of love?
 This star is not named "wormwood," causing strife,
 And bitter waters at the fount of life :
United, they will shed their brilliant light,
 Our path to gladden, both by day and night.
 This motto says to both of us, "Arise!"
 From petty wranglings, that we all despise ;
 Our motives, efforts, and our aims, are one—
 Is not yon brilliant *Star*, a glorious *Sun*?
 I feel, as on we struggle, side by side,
 In Peithologia's sons, a brother's pride ;
 Ignoble jealousy our pleasure mars,
 One glory of the sun,—one, also, of the stars !

THUS do we see that through life's wide extremes,
 Heard in its music, whispered in its dreams,
 There comes, at times, to each this thrilling call,
 Bearing a common message to us all.

* The Philolexian Society, Founded 1802. Emblem—The Rising Sun.
 The Peithologian Society, Founded 1806. Emblem—A Star.

But would you have me tell you all, to-night,
How you, *most nobly*, may maintain the right?
How best you may obey that cry—Arise?—
Till, guided by it, you shall win the prize;
Then, come with me, that, with me, you may see
Life as it *is*, not as it *seems* to be.


SEE you yon garret, as the sun's cold ray
Through the torn lattice picks its shuddering way;
Now, stumbling o'er a stool, now, crouching low,
Then, springing upward from the filth below,
Painting strange pictures on the blackened wall,
Lifting from misery, night's hiding pall,
Showing by torchlight of the coming day,
Dread want, in all its ghastly, true, array?
But—look! in yonder corner of this den,
Hardly a home for beasts, much less for men,
There crouches, shivering, by the dying fire,
Watching the embers, one by one, expire,
A being, who, in happier days long past,
Shielded by wealth from poverty's rude blast,
Ne'er knew a want, until the tempter came
To spoil his fortune and destroy his fame.
And then—he sank, till now, with none to save,
He totters onward to a drunkard's grave.
But still, at times, as, in his troubled dreams
The past flits by him, shadowy 'though it seems,
And many a form which once he called his own
Is standing by him, till he wakes *alone*;
Then, oft' he thinks, sweet voices from the skies,
Say,—“Father,”—“Brother,”—“Husband,”—“Friend,”—
“ARISE!”

Blest sleep ! forgetful of each human ill,
He slept the *man*, he wakes the *drunkard*, still.
But, suddenly, a footstep on the floor,
And then, a creaking of the time-worn door !
Is it some boon companion in his sin—
Another tempter, that now enters in ?
But no—he starts—for lo ! a stranger stands,
Waiting to greet him, with his outstretched hands.
" 'Tis some mistake," he says, "it cannot be
That one like him should care for one like me.
Know you my name ? 'twas once—I've now another."
"I care not friend, to *me* your name is *brother*."
What meant the man ? *Brother*, at such a time,
To one familiar with all forms of crime ?
Again the stranger speaks, he takes his hand,
He tells him of another, happier land,
And painting the bright joys beyond the skies,
He whispers to him,—"*Brother, friend, ARISE.*"

IT is enough, the word is scarcely said,
When, with a sob, the drunkard bows his head,
While, like an angel's smile dispelling fears,
God's rainbow, hope, shines through that shower of tears.
O what a noble work this work of love,
Pointing the homeless to a home above !
This is the truest, noblest way to rise,
And on this angel-ladder scale the skies !

OUR noble motto, rich with precious truth,
Speaks to the old, the middle-aged, the youth ;
It tells us that whate'er our aim may be,
Whether in trade we traverse earth and sea ;

Or, in the school of science, strive each day
 To light new beacons on man's darkened way ;
 Or, do we elsewhere seek to find the fame,
 That is to grant us that strange boon—a name ;
 In short, whate'er may be our chief ambition,
 Whether, the pride of riches, or position,
 Would we succeed, in all we most desire,
 And grasp that *something* to which all aspire ;
 Each day must find us pressing bravely on,
 Drawing still nearer to life's rubicon !
 Forget not then, brave spirits !—brothers !—men !
 The sluggard's breath will dim the brightest gem ;
 Waste not, in idle ease, these precious hours ;
 Pause not, to dally with the wayside flowers ;
 Gird you, with manhood's energy, arise !
 Press upward, onward, till you win the prize.
 Sunshine will rest upon the mountain's brow,
 When clouds, and darkness, girdle all below !

T last, as *Christian* men, our great work done,
 The battle fought, God grant ! the victory won ;
 When this fair world has crumbled to decay ;
 While Sun, and Moon, and Star, have passed away ;
 Then, brothers, may we gladly burst the sod,
 To find our rest, our happiness, in God,
 While, through the vaulted arches of the skies,
 The angel's trumpet, thunders forth,—“ARISE.”

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